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'Tis the same—and open
 At the fast-day portion:
 "For the sin . ." is written
 On the yellowed page . . .
 How is this, my brothers?
 Oh, this topsy-turvy
 World!—in truth I know not
 If to cry or laugh!
 Tell me, what has happened
 To the list, the long one?
 This one—why, God help us!
 'Tis too short by half!

THREE FRIENDS.

THREE neighbours were we, three companions, I ween
 That nowadays rarely our like may be seen—
 The red-haired Eliakim, Nachman, and I,
 The poet who humbly to please you will try.

We grew up together, we learned side by side
 The law that is Israel's comfort and guide,
 Together we sported, we prayed all together,
 Alike for all three were the wind and the weather.

Together we settled to live evermore,
 Till we met beyond parting on Eden's glad shore.

And now will I tell you what happened one day,
 When down to the wood we had taken our way.

We brandished three pointed and glittering knives,
 As long as the Angel's who gathers our lives.

To murder, to rob? why, good friend, how you shiver!
 To cut willow-branches alongside the river.

The rays from the West, growing long now and cold,
 Illumined a willow-tree crooked and old.

And thereby beheld we, at rest on a stone,
Elijah the Prophet, alone . . .

And with a voice that kindly was and low,
He said, Dear children, I will tell you all,
That shall, God willing, be your lot below,
To each one on his way thro' life befall:

Eliakim's shall be a voice resembling
The storm-wind when the sky is overcast,
Men, women, children, at the sound assembling,
Shall bend like flowers in the Autumn blast.

Thou, Nachman, shalt have gladness for thy part,
And whoso, pausing, listens to thy voice,
Shall feel the burden lighten at his heart,
And shall, forgetting, for a while rejoice.

And I?—and thou shalt have both joy and sorrow,
Both happiness and grief are given thee,
From each of their two lives in turn shalt borrow—
Thus spake Elijah unto me.

And days and weeks and months since then have flown,
Eliakim in Poland many years
The ram's-horn in the synagogue has blown,
And moved all hearts to terror and to tears.

And Nachman is a wandering musician,
He plays at weddings—journeys, takes his chance,
And they that hear him, of whate'er condition,
Feel young at heart again and join the dance.

And I, my masters, I, woe worth the day!
A poet have become, altho' a Jew,
And what's a poet among Jews to-day?
The Prophet truly spake of that he knew!

A ram's-horn man, and then again musician,
I blow and blow—then on my fiddle play
Till wearied out—then call men to contrition
Upon the shofar till my strength give way.